

PRIVATE

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ALL IN COLOUR	ALLES IN FARBE	EN COULEURS

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We at Private wish to promote a more liberal attitude towards sex, and a better understanding of all sexual inclinations. We believe that sex is both natural and enjoyable, and therefore it is most definitely wrong to attempt to hide or feel ashamed about it. Furthermore, we know that good erotography has a both positive and stimulative effect on human sexuality.

Mit Private möchten wir eine freiere Lebensanschauung im Sexuellen und Verständnis für alle sexuellen Einstellungen erleichtern. Wir meinen Sex ist etwas Schönes und Natürliches, vor dem es keine Geheimnistuerei oder Schamgefühle geben sollte. Wir wissen: Gute Erotografie hat eine positiv anregende Wirkung auf die menschliche Sexualität.

Par le canal de Private nous souhaitons contribuer à la formation d'une optique libérale sur la sexualité et à l'acceptation sociale de toutes ses manifestations. Nous croyons que la volupté sexuelle satisfait à la fois la nature et la beauté. Faisons les cachoteries et les sentiments de honte! Nous sommes certains qu'une érotographie de bon aloi active et affine la sexualité humaine.

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MORAL?

Worty of Imprisonment?

By Milton

Should legislators have the right to dictate, to condemn or to punish sexual patterns between consenting human beings which only affect the people involved. No. The conception of freedom houses the right of choice. If there is no freedom of choice, if the freedom is too restricted or if moral values condemn the individual to remorse, the individual is no longer free. Neuroses, worries and great unhappiness is frequently caused by stupid social traditions that are impossible to uphold. I would question the right of the law to become involved in the sexual integrity of man. Prudish members of society, children and others have the right of protection. But from what are they to be protected.

In some societies virginity is rewarded, in others women need to prove fertility before marriage.

There are societies where the bride during her nuptials attempts to satisfy as many as possible of the guests; this with the approval of her new husband. The greater the sexual ability of the wife the prouder is the husband that she has chosen him. There are peoples happily existing far away from our western civilization, where intercourse is less momentous than a kiss. Which is right or wrong, the lifelong celibacy of a monk or a free and sometimes lonely life? Absurdities! There exist a law in the States which punishes adultery with married couples to terms of from 1 to 20 years imprisonment for oral intercourse.


The Church attacks love, free. But if by an individual an acquired character is attached to a person of the same sex, and such love is returned, what is this love called and what does the law say about it? Does it not say in the Bible: "These shall love thy neighbor as thyself" - without sexual reference to either? Love with a physical unity and it varied forms should stay far out of a court of law. Not just with the law but with society, with parents, with neighbors, with friends.

Soll es Aufgabe des Gesetzgebers sein, sexuelle Handlungen mit Strafe zu bedrohen, wenn sie von erwachsenen Menschen auf beiderseitiges Verlangen ausgeübt werden? Die Antwort kann nur sein: Nein! Sollen also umgekehrt solche Menschen das ungehinderte Recht besitzen, ohne Einmischung von außen ihren erotischen Neigungen nachzugehen, solange dabei niemand zu Schaden kommt? Die Antwort kann nur sein: Ja.

Der Begriff Freiheit beinhaltet zum großen Teil das Recht zur Wahl. Wird dem Menschen dieses Recht genommen, wird es ihm durch Moralnormen beschnitten und er damit in die Gewissensnot getrieben, so kann von Freiheit keine Rede mehr sein. Tief menschliches Unglücklichsein, Neurosen und andere psychische Defekte sind nur zu oft das Ergebnis fragwürdiger Sittentradition. Dieser Zustand ist, will ich meinen, nicht aufrechtzuerhalten, und ich stelle daher den Anspruch der Staatsgewalt auf Eingriffe in die menschliche Privatsphäre ausdrücklich infrage. Unberührt hiervon bleibt indes das Schutzbedürfnis von bestimmten Mitgliedern der Gesellschaft, von Kindern also beispielsweise. Offen ist mitunter nur: Schutz vor was? Wie sieht es in anderen Gesellschaften aus? Weit verbreitet ist das auch noch bei uns im vor Kurzem anerkannte Gebot der Jungfräulichkeit bei der Eheschließung. Dieser verhängnisvolle in einigen anderen Kulturen, wo die Fruchtbarkeit von jungen Paaren erst zu beweisen ist.

Der Eheplatz gibt es kein Ende. Was wartet hinter? Das seltsame irrationale Glück eines Mannes im Zügel mit der sinnlichen Ehefrau ohne sexuelle Harmonie! Die absurde Frage! Abundant aber auch die Mittel, vermeintliche Abweichungen zu unterbinden. So droht einigen Staaten der USA Ungeheures Gefängnis, wenn ein Mann eine Frau heiratet, aber beide infolge ihres Zusammenlebens durch unethische Einwirkung.

„Liebe ohne Harmonie“, spricht die Kirche. Soll die körperliche Liebe ausgeschlossen werden? Kann zwischen einer Person zwei oder mehr infolge ihres Zusammenlebens durch unethische Einwirkung.



Le législateur a-t-il moralement le droit de dicter, condamner ou châtier les actes érotiques n'affectant que des gens consentants? Non. Liberté implique droit de choisir. Si le libre choix n'existe pas ou est entravé, si des commandements moraux condamnent l'individu au remords, il n'y a plus de liberté. Névrotes, anxiété et souffrance viennent souvent de traditions sociales absurdes impossibles à excuser. Je mets en doute le droit de la loi à se mêler de l'intégrité sexuelle des humains. Les prudes, les enfants ont le droit d'être protégés mais protégés de quoi?

Il est des sociétés où la virginité est récompensée, d'autres où les femmes doivent prouver leur fertilité avant le mariage. Chez certains peuples, la mariée s'efforce pendant la nuit de satisfaire le plus d'invités possible et cela avec l'approbation de son mari. Plus grande est la capacité amoureuse de l'épouse, plus grande est la fierté du mari qu'elle l'ait choisi. Chez d'autres peuples vivant à l'écart de la civilisation occidentale, le coït a moins d'importance que le baiser. Qu'est-ce qui est bien ou mal: le célibat viager d'un moine ou la vie amoureuse libre et généreuse? Il existe aux Etats-Unis une loi qui permet de condamner même des couples mariés à des peines d'emprisonnement de 1 à 20 ans pour pompiers et minettes!

L'Eglise prêche l'Amour. A la bonne heure mais si, par une force innée ou acquise, vous êtes attiré par une personne du même sexe et qu'on réponde à vos avances, comment appelle-t-on cet amour et qu'en dit la Loi? Ne lit-on pas dans la Bible: «Tu aimeras ton prochain comme toi-même», sans précision de genre? L'Amour et l'union physique sous des formes variées ont le droit d'exister. Pas nécessairement dans les articles du Code mais entièrement indépendants de l'inutile immixtion judiciaire.

Moeten wetgevers het recht hebben seksuele patronen tussen eensgezinde mensen, die alleen betrekking hebben op die mensen zelf, te dicteren, te veroordelen of te bestraffen? Neen. Het begrip vrijheid houdt het recht in van keus. Als er geen vrijheid van keus is, als deze vrijheid te beperkt is of als moraal edikten het individu veroordelen tot wroeging, is het individu niet meer vrij. Neurosen, zorgen en groot verdriet worden vaak veroorzaakt door stupide sociale tradities die onmogelijk zijn in stand te houden.

Ik betwijfel het recht van de wet om zich te bemoeien met de seksuele integratie van de mens.

Preutse leden van de samenleving, kinderen en anderen hebben recht op bescherming. Maar waartegen moeten ze beschermd worden. In sommige samenlevingen is maagdelijkheid een deugd, in andere moet de vrouw haar vruchtbaarheid aantonen voor het huwelijk.

Er zijn samenlevingen waar de bruid, op de bruiloft probeert zoveel mogelijk gasten te bevredigen; dit met de instemming van haar bruidegom. Hoe groter de seksuele bekwaamheid van de vrouw is, des te trotser is de man dat zij hem uitverkoren heeft. Er zijn volken, ver van onze beschaving, die gelukkig leven en waar geslachts-gemeenschap onbelangrijker is dan een kus. Wat is goed of verkeerd, het levenslange celibaat van een monnik of een vrij en overvloedig liefdeloven? Absurditeiten! Er bestaat een wet in Amerika, waarop zelfs echtparen tot gevangenisstraffen van één tot twintig jaar veroordeeld kunnen worden voor orale geslachts-gemeenschap.

De kerk predikt liefde. Prachtig. Maar als bij aangeboren of verworven karakteristiek iemand aangetrokken wordt door dezelfde sekse en diens, hoe noemt men die liefde dan en wat zegt de wet er dan van? De bijbel zegt toch: „Hebt uw naasten lief als uzelve“, zonder speciale verwijzing naar geslacht.

Niet slechts binnen de beperkingen van de wet, maar vervijnt oafhankelijk van onnodige overheidssimulering.

Darling Roger,
I already miss you. It's only a few days since we left each other, but lying here in bed writing this letter and thinking of you makes my pussy wet. Thoughts of you, and thinking what we could be doing together alwas makes me feel sexy. Don't laugh; you know that despite my "little escapades" you're the only man who can really satisfy me!

Roger, mein Liebling,
ich vermisse Dich so. Erst ein paar Tage sind es her, seit wir von einander Abschied genommen haben, aber jetzt, wo ich im Bett den Brief schreibe und an Dich denke, wird es mir zwischen den Beinen feucht. Die Erinnerung an alles, was wir zusammen anstellen konnten, macht mich richtig geil. Du wirst vielleicht lachen, aber trotz meiner Eskapaden bis Du der einzige, der mich richtig befriedigen kann.

Mon Roger chéri,
Tu me manques déjà. On ne s'est quittés que depuis quelques jours mais de t'écrire au lit et de penser à toi rend ma chatte moite. La pensée de ce que nous pourrions être en train de faire me met toujours en folie. Tu ris mais malgré mes petites fredaines, tu es le seul à pouvoir me contenter !

Liefste Roger
Ik mis je al. Het is pas een paar dagen dat ik weg ben, maar nu ik je in bed deze brief schrijf wordt mijn poesje nat. Gedachten aan jou en wat we samen zouden kunnen doen maken me heet. Lach niet; je weet dat, ondanks mijn "kleine escapades", jij de man bent die me werkelijk geil maakt!



With the others, both male or female it's more of a game—lust if you want to call it that—but I do love you so. I like our honest relationship, where we can both accept what the other does and enjoy each others experiences. I had a pleasant journey over. The sea was as calm as a millpond. I was picked up by a Swedish couple. They're real swingers, too!

Mit den anderen ist das mehr nur ein Spiel — oder Lust, wie Du es nennen würdest. Ich liebe Dich. Ich mag unser ehrliches Zusammenhalten, wo jeder hin- nimmt, was der andere tut oder läßt. — Ich hatte eine angenehme Überfahrt, die See spiegelglatt. Nachher haben mich zwei Schweden mitgenommen. Dieses Paar ist nicht ohne, kann ich Dir sagen.

Avec les autres, hommes ou femmes, c'est plutôt du jeu, de la concupiscence, si tu veux. C'est toi que j'aime. J'aime nos relations honnêtes, notre accepta- tion des actes de l'autre, notre jouissance des expéri- ences de l'autre avec d'autres partenaires. J'ai fait un voyage agréable où j'ai été draguée par un couple suédois en pleine mer. De vrais paillards!

Met andere mannen en vrouwen is het meer een spel — lust, als je het zo wilt noemen, maar van jou houd ik. Ik vind onze eerlijke verhouding fijn, zoals we beiden aksepteran wat de ander doet en we van elkaars onder- vindingen genieten. Ik had een prettige overtocht. De zee was zo glad als een spiegel. Een Zweeds paar pikte me op. Pracht lui."



Should I describe the man first? Perhaps better not; you're more interested in the bird. She's a big busted blonde, marvellous titties. Yes, darling, I know how you feel, you're getting harder and harder, wish I was there to help! Marie's her name, she's dying to meet you when you come over in a couple of weeks. How do I know? Well, we have become real "girl-friends"! She adores having her pussy sucked...

Soll ich ihn zuerst beschreiben? Oder auch nicht, Dir liegt ja mehr an Tauben. Sie ist eine üppige Blonde, Liebling, gewaltige Titten. Reizen Dich meine Worte? Bekommst Du einen hoch und willst, daß ich Dir zur Hand gehe? Ja, sie heißt Marie und kann kaum erwarten, wenn Du bald 'rüberkommst. Wir haben uns schon gut angefreundet, und was soll ich Dir sagen? Sie schwelgt, wenn man ihr die Mietze schleckt.

Te décrirai-je l'homme d'abord ? Non, car tu préfères l'oiselle. C'est une blonde aux seins protubérants. Si tu voyais ces splendides nichons ! Chéri, tu en bandes déjà. Si je pouvais être sous ta main ! Elle s'appelle Marie et elle meurt d'envie de te connaître quand tu viendras dans 15 jours. Comment je le sais ? Oh, nous sommes de vraies « amies ». Elle adore les minettes et feuilles de rose...

Moet ik de man eerst beschrijven? Misschien beter niet; je bent meer geïnteresseerd in de vrouw. Ze is een "rondborstige" blonde, heerlijke tieten. Ja, liefste, ik weet hoe je je voelt, je pik wordt al stijf, ik wou dat ik bij je was om te helpen! Marie heet ze, ze verlangt ernaar je zien als je komt. Hoe ik dat weet? Wel, we zijn nogal intiem geworden. Ze vindt het heerlijk om gezogen te worden...



...and she has a super tongue herself. How do I know? She used it, darling. I'm staying with them now. It's cheaper than a hotel; and this way your little wife is not so likely to get picked up by some dirty old man, like you-know-who. During our little games together Marie introduced me to her second man, guess what? It's a great big dildo! She used it on me first and how I came.

•
Ihre Zunge selbst ist auch Klasse. Und wie sie damit umzugehen versteht! Ich wohne jetzt bei den Leuten. Das ist billiger als im Hotel, und man wird auch nicht so schnell von irgendwelchen Strolchen aufgeklaut. Zu unseren Spielchen brachte Marie auch ihren zweiten Mann mit. Weißt Du, was das für einer war? Ein richtiges Riesenexemplar von „Dildo“. Unbeschreiblich, wie es mir da gekommen ist!

•
...et sa langue n'est pas fainéante non plus. Je le sais par expérience. Je reste chez eux maintenant. Comme ça, ta petite femme ne court pas le risque de se faire emballer par quelque vieux dégueulasse dans le genre de... tu sais qui. Dans nos petites folâtreries, Marie m'a fait faire connaissance du coadjuteur de son mari. Devine. Un godemichet imposant. Elle m'y a fait goûter dès mon arrivée.

•
...en ze kan het lekker doen met vrouwen. Hoe ik dat weet? Ik probeerde het, liefste. Ik woon nu bij ze, dat is goedkoper dan een hotel en zo wordt je vrouwtje niet zo snel opgepikt door een vieze oude man. Tijdens onze spelletjes samen stelde Marie me voor aan haar tweede man, read eens?: Een grote kunstpenis. Zij deed het eerst bij mij en, mijn hemeltje, wat kwam ik klaar.



Then I sucked her, to make her nice and wet before she gave me a practical demonstration on how one should use this machine. I tried to imagine what it would be like watching you and her make love! Fuck! I'm getting more and more randy thinking about what will happen between us when you're here, darling. I promised Marie, that after our first night together, there'll still be something left for her!

•

Ehe wir diese Maschine ausprobierten, haben wir erst einmal eine saftige Katzennummer gemacht. Ich kann mir lebhaft vorstellen, wie ich es genießen würde, Dir und ihr beim Bumsen zuzuschauen. Wenn Du erst hier bist! Ich male mir alles schon aus, und verdammt, ich werde immer schärfer, Marie, so hab' ich ihr versprochen, wird nach unserer ersten gemeinsamen Nacht auch noch etwas abbekommen.

•

Je l'ai ensuite léchée et sucée pour qu'elle mouille avant de me montrer l'emploi de l'engin. J'essayais d'imaginer le spectacle d'elle et toi en train de vous entre-baiser. Ah, baiser! Je suis terriblement ému-stillée en pensant à ce qui va se passer entre nous quand tu nous auras rejointes. J'ai promis à Marie qu'après notre première nuit, il restera encore de bons morceaux pour elle.

•

Toen zoog ik haar om haar lekker nat te maken voor ze me een praktische demonstratie gaf, hoe de "dildo" te gebruiken. Ik probeerde me voor te stellen hoe het zou zijn als ik jullie samen zag neuken! Verrek! Ik word steeds geiler als ik er aan denk wat kan gebeuren als je hier bent, liefste. Ik beloofde Marie dat, na onze eerste nacht, er nog wat over zal zijn voor haar!



I've also been to see something of the country-side. Rolf, Marie's husband, is car crazy. Sex crazy as well! We decided to have a picnic, and drove off in Rolf's new red Jaguar. You never know your luck darling, he may lend you that as well as Marie! Miles out of town we stopped by the roadside; we all felt a little hungry, at least that's what Rolf said. But we two girls started by eating Rolf!

Neulich sind wir mit dem roten Jaguar von Rolf, das ist Maries Mann, 'rausgefahren. Rolf ist ein toller Junge, nicht nur im Sex. Der wird Dir ganz bestimmt seinen Wagen leihen wie auch seine Frau. Weit weg von der Stadt hielten wir an, weil wir etwas essen wollten. So sagte wenigstens Rolf. Wir Mädchen aber machten uns über ihn her und begannen, an ihm zu kauen.

Je suis allée me balader dans la campagne. Rolf, le mari de Marie, est toqué des bagnoles... et des parties de cul! Nous sommes partis pique-niquer avec leur Jag'rouge que tu pourras emprunter comme tu emprunteras Marie. Au bout de quelques kilomètres, nous nous sommes arrêtés car nous étions en appétit, d'après Rolf au moins. Nous, les filles, nous avons commencé le repas en bouffant le gaillard!

Ik heb ook iets van het platteland gezien. Rolf, Marie's man is een automaniak. Seksmaniak ook! We zouden piknikken en gingen met Rolf's rode Jaguar. Je kent je geluk nog niet, je mag hem lenen en Marie ook! Kilometers buiten de stad stopten we langs de weg. We waren allen hongerig, zei Rolf tenminste, maar wij begonnen met Rolf af te zuigen.



It's difficult to describe the sense of freedom I found. Hidden only by our car from the other passing cars, I still felt relaxed. Perhaps what few inhibitions I have disappear more quickly in a foreign country than they do at home. Yes my love, despite what you think I still do have a few inhibitions; even you aren't going to fuck me in the middle of Piccadilly Circus, much as I may feel like it at times!

Nur schwer läßt sich meine Ausgelassenheit beschreiben. Hinter unserm Wagen fühlte ich mich so schön hemmungslos. Vielleicht tauche ich schneller als andere in einem fremden Land unter. Na ja, so ganz ohne Hemmungen bin ich nun wieder nicht. Du würdest ja auch mitten auf dem Piccadilly Circus keine Nummer mit mir schieben, wenschon mir das auch gefallen würde.

Comment te décrire la sensation de liberté que j'y ai trouvé. Nous n'étions cachés des voitures qui passaient que par la nôtre et je me sentais détendue. Les quelques blocages que je puisse avoir cèdent plus vite à l'étranger que dans mon pays. Oui, mon chéri, j'ai gardé quelques inhibitions. Même pas toi ne pourrais me troncher en plein Piccadilly Circus, pour tant que l'envie m'en prenne parfois.

Het is moeilijk het gevoel van vrijheid te beschrijven dat ik ondervond. Alléén verborgen achter onze auto, voelde ik me toch ontspannen. Misschien verdwijnt het beetje remmingen dat ik nog heb sneller in het buitenland dan thuis. Ja lieverd, ik heb nog remmingen. Zelfs jij mag me niet midden op Piccadilly Circus naaien, al zou ik het soms wel graag willen!



Roll and I both sucked Marie off. It's lovely doing it on the edge of the road. Somehow spicier, and I'm not talking only about the taste of Marie's pussy. I could see the cars going by, and it didn't seem to matter whether people saw us or not. As you know I'm a bit of an exhibitionist; but only a little bit, darling! If you'd been here you would probably have flashed your great big prick out of the car window!

Es leckt sich wunderbar am Straßenrand. Ich will nicht nur von Maries würziger Puschl reden. Der Verkehr strömte vorbei, und das Volk schien keine Notiz von uns zu nehmen. Du weißt ja, an mir ist ein Exhibitionist verlorengegangen; aber nur ein kleiner, Liebling. Wärest Du mit von der Partie gewesen, hättest Du bestimmt Deine große Flinte zum Autofenster hinaus abgefeuert.

Roll et moi avons sucé à fond Marie. C'est jouissif de le faire au bord de la route. Plus épicé en quelque sorte et je ne parle pas seulement du goût de la chatte à Marie. Je me foutais que les gens nous voient ou non. Tu sais que je suis un tantinet exhibitionniste mais pas trop, mon gros! Si tu étais passé, tu en aurais brandi ton gros braquemart par la glace de la voiture!

Roll en ik zogen Marie. Heerlijk is dat, aan de kant van de weg. Pikanter, en dan praat ik niet alleen over de smaak van Marie's kutje. Ik kon de auto's voorbij horen razen en het kon me niet schelen of men ons zag of niet. Zoals je weet ben ik een beetje exhibitionisties, maar alleen maar een beetje! Als jij hier geweest was had je misschien die dikke lul van je uit het portier-raamgestoken!



Rolf's rather a sweetie. They're both a little like you and me; very much in love but wanting a bit on the side. When we got home the effects of the country drive seemed to have made us all a bit sexy; and it wasn't very long before a nice little trio began to develop.

Rolf ist mir schon ein Herzchen. Die beiden haben 'was mit Dir und mir gemeinsam: viel Liebe, und doch 'mal hier, 'mal da naschen. Der Ausflug hatte uns nur noch schärfer gemacht, und daheim angelangt, war alsbald das schönste Dreigespann auf Trab gebracht.

Rolf est un amour. Tous deux sont un peu comme nous, amoureux l'un de l'autre mais très portés sur les galipettes. La promenade champêtre nous avait mis en chaleur et, au retour, une mignonne partie triangulaire s'est vite mise en branle.

Rolf is een lieverd. Trouwens ze zijn beiden een beetje als wij; erg van elkaar houden maar graag zijsprong-etjes. Toen we thuiskwamen voelden we ons weer erg sexy en we maakten een leuk troi.



You don't really want to have a full description.... or do you? I hope this letter came by the afternoon post so that you can now be at home, thinking of me and playing with yourself. I can't help feeling that if you waited at home for the post this morning your thoughts during the day might not have been on book-keeping. Does old Mr. Thompson really know what you're like?

Ich brauch' wohl nicht in Einzelheiten gehen, oder? Hoffentlich kriegst Du diesen Brief noch mit der Nachmittagspost, so daß Du am Abend, in Gedanken an mich, mit Dir spielen kannst. Tagsüber wirst Du Deine Gedanken nicht viel bei der Arbeit haben, fürchte ich. Weiß der alte Thompson eigentlich, was Du für einer bist?

Tu ne tiens pas à une description hardie, pas vrai? ...J'espère que ma lettre te parviendra le soir car autrement tu ne pourrais pas t'appliquer sur la comptabilité du bureau. La vieille madame Thompson doit ignorer ta vicelardise. Comme tu vas t'en taper une de fine en me lisant, salaud !

Je wilt toch niet dat ik dat helemaal beschrijf hè? Ik hoop dat je deze brief met de middagpost krijgt zodat je dan thuis bent en aan kunt denken en lekker met jezelf spelen. Als je hem's morgens krijgt kun je je hoofd misschien niet goed bij de boekhouding houden. Weet de ouwe Thompson hoe je werkelijk bent?



The brilliant young Accountant of respectable Thompson and Company thinking about sex all day long! Thinking about his wife getting fucked by strange men! And Rolf does fuck nicely, his prick's not as big as yours. But it's a good enough substitute.

Thompsons erfolgreichste Kraft — und nicht als Sex im Kopf. Immer in Gedanken bei seiner Frau, die sich von anderen Männern vögeln lässt. Und Rolf vögelt wirklich nicht übel. Sein Schwanz ist zwar nicht so groß wie Deiner, aber als Aushilfe reicht er schon.

Le dynamique expert-comptable de la vénérable Thompson et Cie pensant à la bagatelle toute la journée, se délectant à la pensée de sa femme trombinée par des inconnus! Si tu savais comme Rolf baise en maître. Sa bite, sans avoir l'énormité de la tienne, fait quand même bonne figure, crois-moi.

De briljante jonge accountant van de respektabele Thompson and Co, die de hele dag aan seks denkt! Denkend aan zijn vrouw die door een vreemde man genaaid wordt! En Rolf neukte me lekker, zijn pik is niet zo groot als de jouwe, maar is een goede vervanger.



We had a ball. My poor little pussy was sore. Finally Rolf came all over Marie's tummy. As the house guest I had to help to clean it up: it tasted good! So you see darling, your sweet little wife has been behaving as usual. I'll meet you at the Airport perhaps Rolf and Marie will come with me to pick you up and bring you safely here. Come soon darling: you can "come hard" when you're here! All my love, Julie.

Wir hatten eine Fete, und nun ist meine Spalte wundgewetzt. Als Gast des Hauses konnte ich mich schließlich nicht versagen. Liebling, Du siehst, ich war schillernd wie eh und je. Marie und Rolf kommen vielleicht mit, wenn ich Dich am Flughafen abhole. Komm bald, Lieber, komm „hart“. Alles Liebe, Deine Julie.

On a dansé et ma salope de chatte en bavait déjà. Rolf a fini par dégorger sur la conasse de Marie. J'ai bondi l'éponger. Comme ça avait bon goût! J'ai été paillarde luronne comme d'habitude. Je viendrai te chercher à l'aéroport sans doute en compagnie de nos amis. Viens vite, mon chéri. Ici, tu pourras mettre le paquet à plein! Avec tout mon amour, Julie.

We hadden een feest! Mijn arme kutje was rauw. Uiteindelijk spoot Rolf zijn zaad over Marie's buik. Als gast moest ik het helpen schoonmaken; het smaakte goed! Zoals je ziet liefste, gedraagt je lieve vrouwtje zich normaal. Ik haal je af van het vliegveld en Rolf en Marie komen mee om je veilig thuis te brengen. Kom vlug liefste en kom dan lekker vlug klaar hier, met ons! Veel liefs, Julie.



BOY CHAUFFEUR

by Laurence Knight

Cars were my passion in life, football, girls and the cinema used to leave me cold. Since I passed my driving test twelve months ago I had lusted in the truest sense of the word to drive a Rolls. At the moment this seemed a rather far fetched ambition, my teachers at school had put me down as a "tree". But the chances of obtaining a University place and from there entering a highly paid profession, didn't exist. As for the world of commerce I had neither the interest, nor to be honest the cleverness, to seek my fortune in that sphere. Regularly, as most school leavers do, I would read the Situations Vacant column of the Daily Telegraph. I had written after many jobs and had obtained one or two rather short and unfruitful interviews, then one day I saw:

"WANTED: YOUNGISH, PRESENTABLE MAN FOR THE POST OF CHAUFFEUR TO A SOCIETY LADY REQUIREMENTS: COMMON SENSE; NO TIES, FREE TO LIVE IN, INTERESTED IN CARS. ABILITY TO DRIVE A ROLLS, MERCEDES AND A MINI. REPLY BOX NO 160"

I immediately applied for the job, more I think in hope than in expectation.

A couple of weeks later I received a heavily perfumed and richly embossed reply, inviting me for an interview some three days later.

The address was in a quiet but fashionable part of Mayfair, and I duly presented myself there. The door was opened by a smartly dressed woman in her late thirties. "Yes, Madam is expecting you," she said, as she ushered me in. The house was richly furnished and my employer to be matched her surroundings. She was an outstandingly beautiful woman, tall and elegant, and quite obviously of noble birth. She had radiant copper hair which she wore in the shorter modern style, fine features, with brown enigmatic eyes and a large sensuous mouth. Under her Balmain dress there was, even to my inexperienced eyes, a body which belied her age, with large firm breasts and well moulded hips and buttocks.

So mesmerised was I by her poise and by the elegance of my surroundings that I was hardly able to answer her questions. "You are rather young for the post", I heard her say, "but your school reports are satisfactory, so I will give you a month's trial. Apart from driving me around everywhere you will be responsible for other small jobs on the house-keeper's day off. I was overwhelmed, here I was, just seventeen and a half with a chance of becoming chauffeur to this sophisticated, much married beauty. I was in my seventh heaven, my greatest ambition had been fulfilled, I was to be allowed to look after and drive a Rolls. But I soon found out that I wasn't just to be a chauffeur and just look after her Rolls. *Rolls & more*

The first Wednesday that the house-keeper was off Madam had instructed me to bring her breakfast in bed. Even at that hour of the day she looked ravishing. I entered the room which much of her expensive perfume, mingled with a subtle odour that I later knew to be that of a woman's sex. My mistress was still asleep, and I almost dropped the tray, as I saw the sheets around her waist and gazed for the first time upon her marvellous breasts, tipped by her large coral nipples. As she woke she didn't bother to cover herself, but on seeing my face gave me an amused glance. "Have you ever fucked or are you still a virgin?" Her question startled me. Stretching herself she sat in bed and beckoned me to her. Thrusting out her breasts she caressed them and lifting them up towards me ordered me to touch them. Putting down the tray I reached out my hand and at the same time I felt my prick beginning to bulge in my pants. She glanced down smiling, and expertly undid my flies, letting my tool break free. Stage by stage she continued undressing me, soon I was completely naked, and my mistress was licking the end of my prick.

This was much more exciting than my normal solo masturbatory exercises. Never had I had the opportunity of fucking a girl before, and could not have believed that my narrator would be such an apparently unattainable woman. Pulling me by my sex she laid me on the bed, and smilingly propositioned me by greatly blowing on my penis, causing sensations which were entirely novel. Then she sat on top of me, and lowering her cunt she pressed my vaginal knob between her thighs. Rubbing my nipples she sat still, as I grabbed at her breasts and pinched the swollen tips. She eased her body slowly away and as we reunited I felt my balls swell and uncontrollably I came. She laughed, rolled away from me and suggested "Coffee, little one."

She moved to the breakfast tray which was placed on the table where I had left it. Sharing her cup I was able to gaze at her body. Certain parts of her fascinated me. Her breasts and the way they swayed when she moved; the round cheeks of her bottom and the curly red hairs below the tummy which now glistened with my sperm. Sitting with vulgar abandon she showed me more of her female charms. "Touch me here," she instructed, I felt her pussy still wet and warm with the stickiness of my juices. As I did my fingers into her she turned and easily took my prick into her mouth, enquiring whether it would revive again for a second bout. My prick answered, as it grew hard. This time I was bold enough to try to lead the assault. "Stop," she commanded, "it's no good if I am too wet, lube me dry."

She lay back, legs apart, straining for my tongue. How extraordinary I found this delicate row opening. The taste of my sperm went unnoticed in my wonder at the number of crevices my tongue could find. My lips and nose rubbed up and down her slit until I could hardly breathe. My nose became clogged with her juices and as I paused for air she pulled my face level to her own, kissing my lips and receiving from me the remains of our previous sex. Again she directed my prick into her vagina. I plunged into her knowing I must redeem myself for the previous lightening effort. Soon she was moaning and crying out in ecstasy. I worked my prick in and out as deeply as possible, touching her cervix, and as her orgasm exploded I shot my sperm deep inside her. On regaining my senses I heard her chuckle, "Perhaps we'll keep you on after your month's trial, if you can last the race that is!"

It was the first few days I felt strange in the world. I had lost my virginity. I felt like a clown and believed I knew what was normal about it. My mistress treated me correctly but coldly. She never referred to what had happened.

The housekeeper Susan was a very kindly woman. But at times, because of the way she looked at me, and from one or two inadvertently remarks, I was not sure as to how much she knew or had guessed. One of Susan's duties was to run her ladyship's bath. Sunday morning none of us got up very early, and I had been told that the cars would not be required that day. Leaving my room around noon I passed downstairs whilst madam was in her bath. The door was slightly ajar, and I could hear the two women talking together. "He will, you know, Susan. Shall we try it after dinner? You know how much of a vocal I am." And what a nymphole you are.

I was passing too quickly to hear any more of the conversation, and feared to be caught loitering, in case I lost my job. I thought no more of the conversation that I overheard, and passed the day pleasantly enough beating and polishing the cars.

Susan and I had dinner as usual in the kitchen whilst madam ate alone. The service bell sounded. "She'll want her coffee now," said Susan. "Be a good boy and take it upstairs for me." Dutifully I complied. Madam was reclining on the floor in front of the fire watching television wearing a housecoat that accentuated rather than hid her charms. "Put the television off for me," she said. "I find the Sunday evening programmes so boring. How do you like the job?" Naively I started to tell her how interesting it was, about my ambition to work with cars and so on. She stretched her hand up, touching my trousers. "And the house work on Wednesday," she asked. I blushed and didn't know what to say. "Was that really the first time?" I nodded. "Did you enjoy it?" she insisted, still fondling my prick through my trousers. "Have you never seen a naked woman before?" I tried to explain that to date my interests had been more mechanical than physiological. "We'll have to change that," she said. And leaning over touched the service bell. Within a few seconds Susan entered, she somehow seemed to be expecting a call.

"This lad here hasn't seen much cunt Susan, do you mind showing him yours?" I gasped, I couldn't quite believe my ears, surely I had not heard correctly. However I must have done, for Susan without saying a word lifted her skirt. She drew down a pair of lacy black briefs, sat on an armchair and threw her legs apart, exposing two great red lips surrounded by thick black hair. "Go on have a look," said Madam. Unable to move, I just stood and stared. I could feel myself going redder and redder, but at the same time I could feel my prick getting harder and harder. "He really is a shy little thing, but I think he likes what he sees," said Madam as her hand, having already opened my flies, slid inside my trousers. "We'll take a look together if you're too shy to go on your own." She got up and lead me over to where Susan was sitting. "Smell it, lick it," she ordered, forcing me to my knees. She pushed my head down and as my face came in contact with Susan's gash, I remembered the conversation I had overheard that morning. I sucked and licked and thrust my tongue in and out of Susan's pussy. I could feel her beginning to get more and more excited. Clasping her hand around the back of my head her cunt exploded in my face.

I staggered to my feet and saw that three glasses had

been filled. "Have a drink," invited my mistress "it will help you to relax, and take care to Susan. I think she needs it." I downed my drink in one swallow. Slowly the warmth of the brandy radiated through my body, and my embarrassment or what was left of it vanished. I was escorted in luxury with two friendly if somewhat sexually perverse women. "Now I really want to see you make love. I want you to try everything. Take your clothes off and lie down on the rug." I did as Madam suggested beginning to feel that there was more to life than motor cars. I watched Susan undress. She stepped out of her clothes removed her bra and stood over me. Out of the corner of my eye I could see our mistress lying on the settee looking at us intently with her hand between her legs.

Susan's body was a little heavier than her ladyship's, the breasts were more pendulous and pear shaped and as she bent towards me they swung slightly. I relaxed, Susan knelt between my legs, and taking my rock hard erection between her hands, she commenced to kiss, then to lick, and finally to mouth my testicles. Gradually she worked her way up my penis until her mouth enveloped the knob. Without interrupting her suckling, she swung around and knelt over my face, presenting to my inspection and attention her deep red cunt. She pressed down on my mouth rubbing herself backwards and forwards and when her spending poured out I gulped them down whilst and at the other end of my body I climaxed and shot my sperm into her mouth. Susan swallowed it all, and to my astonishment continued to lick and to suck. To my greater astonishment I remained hard and sexy. I wanted to fuck, Susan sensing this released me and knelt over a nearby chair.

I came behind her, my excitement was such that I had now forgotten that there was a third person in the room. All I could think of or see, were the two delicious half moons of Susan's arse and the dripping gash between. I plunged my prick deep inside it, sawing backwards and forwards. Susan's cunt clapped and unclapped on my prick like a living vice. How long we continued like this I don't know, but from her cries and her screams Susan must have come two or three times. My pubic hairs were sticky with her juices and though sweat was pouring from my brow I just couldn't come. At length I fell back exhausted, but my prick was still rock hard. Sometimes when I have masturbated I had had this experience, wanting to come, needing a climax but not being able. I feared I would be left like this, but Susan, silent Susan, who throughout all this had not spoken a word, although she had made plenty of noise, smiled down at me and said, "I know what you're feeling, little one, but I'll make you come." She span on her hand, took my prick and began with long even strokes to toy me off. Her other hand crept below my testicles and one finger insinuated itself into my arse. This was a new experience and despite the momentary hurt was incredibly exciting. As her finger wormed its way in and out her strokes became faster and faster on my prick, and I knew I could come again. It shot into the air like a fountain as my asshole clasped around Susan's finger. I thought I should never stop.

Through hazy eyes I could see Madam offering me a drink. "Have this little one," she said. "I think you're the one that needs it now. But the way, we haven't discussed your day off yet, what about it?" Almost without thinking I murmured "I don't really mind, but Never on a Sunday..."

BEAUTIFUL BOSOMS

Many Private readers are sending us, with justifiable pride, figure photographs of their wives or girlfriends - and in the case of our women readers, of themselves.

We intend, therefore, to provide two pages in future issues of Private for your own photographs!

Just send us the photograph.

The pictures selected will be those showing the most interesting breasts.

- 1) Photographs may be negatives - prints - or slides, and should be accompanied by the sender's name and address
- 2) Please inform if you do not wish us to print your name and/or address
- 3) If you would like your photos returned kindly enclose a self-addressed envelope
- 4) The sender of each photograph published will be invited to choose any five issues of Private he or she may wish, to help complete their own collections.



I am sending this photograph of myself as I would like to surprise my husband when he sees a photograph of me in Private. Our sex together is very good, but he is still too shy to admit to me that he likes pornography. Perhaps this will change his views so that we can enjoy more our love life.

Mrs. Mary B., Coventry, England
(name withheld as requested)



I was surprised that in your No. 22 no. good sh girl were chosen in this section. As a Swedish company you should feel ashamed of such unpatriotic behaviour! For your information this photograph was taken in Observatoriehunden. Stockholm.

Sincerely,
Peter O., Stockholm

*I am sending a photograph of my sister.
She has been married for five months and
is now - not when this photograph was
taken - conceiving, pregnant. Her husband
knows what I have done, she doesn't, but I
am sure it will be perfectly all right.
Heinz G., Dusseldorf, Germany.*



Your
PRIVATE
Girl





Yes, Berlin, or rather West Berlin is worth a visit! The choice of 'things to do', is not perhaps as wide nor as comprehensive as can be found in other major European cities like Hamburg or Copenhagen, nor as discretely dissolute as Paris and London; but for clubs and whores Berlin is hard to beat.

Our guide and mentor on this visit was Rolf Eden. Rolf has for many years been one of the leading owners of a string of Berlin night-clubs; ranging from large popular-priced discotheques to the more comfortable plush champagne and whisky types. All his clubs are good value: from the Old Eden, which can cram in the 1500 or so who like loud music and bohemian style entertainment, and wish to pay 2.30 DM for a drink; to the luxurious New Eden. Here one can enjoy first-class shows—suitable enough for the mythical maiden aunt; until after 2 AM when there is a 'different type' of programme! — Cost, around 6 Marks for

beer and up to 15 Marks for whisky. Rolf Eden's success lies possibly in the non-exploitation of sex or his customer's pockets; and in the wide choice he offers his patrons. But though we can quite honestly recommend his clubs perhaps our readers are looking for stronger meat.

The Hotel Ascona and its sister the Chérie (Xantener Strasse 4) are more for the tired or not so tired business-man. These are the type of places

4. Rolf Eden, owner of the New Eden, with his friends.





our fathers used to visit in Gay Paris. They may lack a little old-fashioned delicacy but the girls are like the colours of Joseph's coat—many and varied. The only uniformity would seem to be age. All are young, twenty-five would seem to be the eldest and the average around twenty-one. What does this feast of really good-looking pulchritude cost? The hire of an upstairs room plus the full services of one of the girls will set you back around

Here is the place—... for the tired, or not so tired businessman."



100 DM. But for this don't expect too many special services, nor too much time. You'll be taken upstairs, you'll pay your money and you'll leave content; but that's all unless you can negotiate a special deal and a special price, with the partner of your choice. But these places seem to be open day and night—though we can't be sure as we ourselves didn't stay so long! However, if you wish to check you can always 'phone' one or the other. The Chérie is 881.01.86. Throughout Berlin there are, we were informed, several of these 'houses',—and most are known by the local taxi drivers. In the main they have a reasonable reputation for honesty and you are unlikely to be 'rolled'. The advantages of this type of adventure, and the bordel-system as such, are obvious. The surroundings are pleasant. At both of the above mentioned there is a bar; to fortify your spirit or whatever may be necessary whilst you shop around. Prices are reasonable stable from one girl to another, and though suggestions may be made to you, no girl is going to be too pushing for fear of offending her colleagues. A final advantage is if you meet your nephew there you will know he's growing up, and when he sees you he might treat you with more respect, realizing there's still some life in the old man yet! You can always be truthful and give him the famous old adage "I prefer the purple passions of the professional prostitute to the apathetic acquiescence of your Aunt Agatha"—at least it's good for a laugh. However, if you meet a female relative here...!

For the more adventurous and active why not try 'cruising'? If you have a car, hired or otherwise, take a drive along 17th November Strasse, leading from the Brandenburger Tor. Strolling along here, especially in the summer months are enough young 'pussies' to whet the keenest appetite. Action starts in the early afternoon and builds up to a 'climax' around nine or ten of the evening. The girls are young and most of them very pretty. Mini-

Madam Monica discussing the ups and downs of her profession.





"If you have a car drive along the 17th June Strasse "



" in the summer months are enough young pussies whet the keenest appetite "

skirts are short, and bottoms waggle in best Irma la Douce tradition. Warnings! Possibly the same as in any other metropolis. Be reasonably sober,—in any case if you're not you shouldn't be driving OR 'cruising'. The girls will probably ask for a sum of around 50 DM, unless you're driving a Cadillac, in which case the opening bid will be considerably higher! However they are open to reasonable offers, dependent on how the market is:

probably they will respect you more for a little bargaining; after all, Berlin is rapidly becoming the biggest 'flesh-market' in Europe, and only a fool goes to market and pays the first asking price at the first stall! But as in all other street markets one doesn't necessarily have to buy at all. If you're too tired or too broke, have a good imagination and a strong right hand, your memories can always be put to good use afterwards!

"All are young, twenty-five would seem to be the eldest, and the average around twenty-one. What does this feast of red good-looking pueriticide cost?"





Another grade of the sisterhood of the oldest profession awaiting...

Another grade of the sisterhood of the oldest profession is awaiting in the evening outside the striptease clubs. Whilst not wishing to be unkind to anyone in the sex business—everybody has to make a living—we cannot really advise our readers to try this. Men coming out of a strip-club, having drunk fairly freely, are notoriously too susceptible to anything: and the gorgeous damsel under the street light asking so little may not be so attractive in the cold light of the bedroom and her price then may have risen in inverse proportion to her looks. If you have to have relief after the show you'll probably be safer with one of the hostesses or 'Bar-Girls'. The asking price may be higher, but most of them are attached regulars at the club so, like Shakespeare's Caesar "The evil that they do lives after them"—which being translated for the less classically educated, means that the club-owners are not going to be pleased to lose their reputations because of the greed or stupidity of their 'Bar-Girls'. They can do that easily enough for themselves!

Finally, before leaving the 'forsale' section of this report mention at least must be made of the other ladies of easy virtue, those who do not flaunt their charms quite so openly in the market places. Most Berlin papers, and in particular the B.Z. have advertisements for various places euphemistically termed 'sauna clubs' or 'massage parlours'. They may be;—however most also serve other purposes. But the certainty is not as in the Hotel Ascona or the Chérie, and if you make completely tactless suggestions to the wrong pussy your reward could be less than you had hoped. A really frozen response can be as damaging to a potential 'hard-on' as a cold shower. Still this is unlikely to happen to Private readers who are, we know, far more gentlemanly in their approaches. Some of the sauna clubs have now become the 'in-thing' for the male Berliner and his business friends.

They have an air of opulence and modern elegance. Amongst conveniences, leaving aside for the moment the girls are plunge-pools, T.V. lounges or bars. The attendant females can be helpful in finding you towels or soap, or even just talking to you at the bar. It is polite to offer them a drink. Several types of 'massage' are available at prices ranging from 20 to 50 Marks. The 'massage' takes place in private rooms equipped with beds and little else. To the romantic, this may seem a little sterile but for the sensual and virile, with a pretty girl, surroundings are not really as important as her weakness and willingness. There is an air of decorum about these places. What happens in the private massage rooms is meant to remain private and you are unlikely to be welcomed back, if you loudly enquire of your friends on his return to the bar "Does that bird fuck well?"

The B.Z. also includes in its advertising section other service in which the wording is a little more obtuse. Reference to 'water-sports' and a 'phone number does not mean that you should arm yourself with a swimming costume and towel. Nor is the advertisement stating "Dominant mistress will instil discipline into naughty boys" an offer to educate your unruly ten year old son! We do not propose her to dwell at length on these minority interests, volunteers from our staff to personally visit and report on these places were not so readily forthcoming.

We realize that all our readers are not millionaires. For those who are seeking a bargain or simply do not wish to spend much money there is always the Potsdamer Platz. This truly is a market. Girls hang around in clusters; and through they might not be as young nor as attractive as their sisters in the 17th June Strasse, their prices are proportionally less. We appear to have devoted considerable length to the whores in this article, but truthfully we can report that Berlin boasts one of the largest proportions of prostitutes of any city we have visited. Even the main Kurfürstendamm (locally referred to as Kudamm) is not without its 'ladies', but here, be careful how you accost a woman, she may not be on the game!

Possibly one of reasons which may account for the disproportionally large number of whores in Berlin is the ratio of population between male and female. This may also explain other notices we found in the papers in which women, professing to be amateurs, requested the 'friendship' of men, other females and even couples, but apart from this, for 'swingers' and couples who like to 'swop' entertainment is not so easy to find. There are not the well known bar-meeting places as in New York nor the 'partous' hotels of Paris. Contact is mainly by advertisement; again discreetly placed in your daily paper. For visitors this has the drawback of time lost awaiting replies. Still if this is your 'kick'

why not place an advertisement in the B.Z. before your visit and hope sufficient interesting replies await your arrival. Don't forget to ask for a contact 'phone number in your advert it saves time. 'Swinging' as everywhere does exist, but Berliners are not really quite so openly perverted as some other nationalities. Still once you have made one good contact perhaps you'll be passed on and introduced to others. There is now a legal nude bathing beach in Berlin. You will find it at Grünwaldsee. The beach may not be all that good, but it could prove happy hunting ground.

No present day report on Berlin would be complete without reference to the Clubs which now

feature full intercourse on the stage. Classified as 'live shows' these spectacles vary considerably in quality as they are daily dependent on the human actors, who can suffer from human frailties. Nor is the legal position quite clear, and clubs which we name here could be closed or going strong when you visit Berlin.

Amongst the ones we visited, all of which were reasonably comfortable was the Piccadilly on the Kudamm. Here drinks are around 20 Marks and females at the bar are valued, by themselves anyhow, at five times as much. Also conveniently situated near the Kempinsky Hotel is the Dorett at Fasanstrasse 74. The inside was more salubrious



"The show was strong and fairly well continuous, without too long a break between acts. These varied from strip normal sex..."

than the entrance when we visited it; but we were told this was only temporary. Films are shown until 9 PM and the drinks then are reasonable. However, when the live shows start, the price leaps to around 40 Marks for your first drink. The show was strong and fairly well continuous, without too long a break between acts. These varied from strip to normal sex, and included lesbianism and a rather unusual transvestite act. One other act which could interest one of our more active readers was a girl who offered herself to anyone from the audience who would perform in public. One member

of our staff, who shall remain nameless could not resist the challenge. Sad to relate he singularly failed to fully uphold the Private tradition! The Hotel Nobel, next door to the Chérie on Xantener Strasse has a bar and a live show: this is one place which can be said to have the convenience of its patrons at heart. If you pick up a 'Bar-Girl' here; you have only to go to the rooms upstairs to find relief from the sex downstairs!

To sum up; though we can give you the information that is the necessary; it is really up to you to find out if "Berlin ist eine Reise wert".



PRIVATE READER

Dear Sirs,

Like other magazines your letter column is full up with letters from middle-aged people, describing their fetishes and fantasies. We are writing this letter to point out that the young too have fantasies.

My name is Steve and I am 22. My wife Chris is 20 and we have been married for 2½ years. We were both virgins when we married and for the first nine months our sex life was strictly conventional and very naive. However, during our fucking sessions my mind was full of fantasies about schoolgirls stripping frolics and fighting - with Chris in navy blue uniform well to the fore. These fantasies originated when I started masturbating at the age of 10. At that time I attended a mixed primary school and took delight in looking up the girls skirts, and while in bed, masturbating, I had fantasies about them stripping each other down to their school knickers. I masturbated a lot and it came as quite a shock when I was transferred to a boys-only grammar school when I was 11. I had little contact with girls in my early teens, and as I continued masturbating the same fantasy remained, but with different girls involved. I had a few girlfriends before Chris but nothing to displace my original fantasy, and when, at the age of 19, we married, the fantasy was just as strong, although it had developed and matured more.

Then one day 9 months after our wedding, I bought some expensive girl-fighting books. I confessed to Chris that evening. Chris was very understanding, only getting annoyed that I hadn't told her before. We had a long discussion, then once a week we would wrestle and strip each other, and then fuck on the living room floor.

A few weeks later I suggested that Chris should buy some school uniform and start collecting knickers. This she did readily, and we started to accumulate a large collection.

Apart from wrestling we invented other games where we stripped each other, or Chris, in school uniform, would strip before me, down to her knickers, and then do exercises. Soon there were no fucking sessions without some kind of prelude. Although the basic sex act changed little, it was much more enjoyable for both of us; my fantasies were being enacted before me, and Chris enjoyed the excitement and variety compared with 9 months of straight sex.

We collected glamour pictures and spent a lot of our free time playing with them; sex became our main hobby. Also we started going to see sex films at the cinema, which we both found enjoyable and stimulating, particularly if one of my 3 magic ingredients was present - i.e. schoolgirls, fighting or knickers.

We started to write our own schoolgirl fighting stories, at first Chris wrote them alone, but later both of us wrote them, together or alone. I would lie back in bed and Chris would sit on the end of the bed and read the story. Without any use of the hands I got a terrific erection and when she'd finished we fucked like fury. At first we used girls we knew in the stories, but later pin-ups or famous stars were used. These stories were not always about schoolgirls e.g. after seeing Mary Hopkins on the Lulu T.V. show we made up a story of a backstage fight between them. They were not always about fights, they could just be about schoolgirls stripping and larking about.

As you can see the fantasy side of our sex life has developed to quite a degree, whereas the physical side has only advanced slowly. We still use the conventional position and don't practice oral sex at all. Chris loves me to caress her breasts and recently I've started using both hands on her clit, which sends her crazy. For us our games create the sort of atmosphere and make us feel so randy that different positions are unnecessary.

We are entirely self-sufficient, and could never discuss our games with our old friends. Chris has done a little amateur modelling, and we have discussed our fantasies with some of the photographers but most of them are not quite on the same wavelength. I would be very pleased to pose in uniform with Chris, but my fears of a refusal have always prevented this. Until I do we will manage very well by ourselves.

I hope I've put the record straight about us young "dirty old men" - we are more than a match for our middle-aged counterparts. I enclose some photos of us as we would both like to model for you and perhaps provide material for other peoples fantasies.

Chris and Steve.

Private introduces under this heading, a representative selection of opinions sent in by our Private readers. If you wish to write relating your sexual experiences, positively, negatively, or even expressing your views regarding Private articles, then please drop a line to Private, marking the envelope "Private Reader". You may correspond in English, German, French, Spanish or Italian. In order to publish your letters, it is necessary that they be kept short. We would like you, as we, to state your opinions quite openly. If for some reason you wish to remain anonymous, then we will publish your letter signed "a Private reader". All letters, needless to say, are treated in the strictest confidence. In order to give you some idea of the subjects touched upon by our readers, we quote the following letters which we have received.

Dear Romo (or whoever this reaches)

First, let me tell you that doing regular business with you over the past year of issue (since about No. 12) it has been—and I believe shall continue pleasure. First let me tell you that Private No. 21 I ordered and sent the usual 7.00 (for sealed 1st Class Air delivery) on 16th February. On 19th March I received your usual Air mail letter saying the magazine had been despatched on the 14th March. But—whereas the letter and the magazine usually arrive within a day of each other, No. 21 never did arrive. I wrote, offering to buy another copy on 20th March, but on 28th March you sent a letter back saying that "as being a regular customer you'd replace it, if not yet received". On 31st March I had not received it, so I knew it had been stolen en route and I wrote to tell you. I'm happy to say No. 21 did arrive safely today (postmarked Rotterdam 7th April—only 4 days by Air).

In this country and in Denmark there are a lot of either phony or irresponsible erotic companies and even if they do deliver, there is no product either as beautifully stimulating, nor of the first rate quality of Private. Nor have I ever encountered a company so completely concerned with total customer satisfaction and with your integrity. I do appreciate it. You are free to reproduce any part or all of this letter in your "Private Reader Section" only please withhold my name.

J.R., Baltimore, Maryland, USA.

Dear Subscription Manager,

Enclosed is my order for issue 14 of beautiful magazine. I really enjoy "Private" and I have been ordering it every week since I first received your brochure. I started by ordering issue 5 which I received four weeks later.

Sincerely Yours,
Paul J. Kasko.

P.S. Enclosed is a photo of myself showing how I feel and look when I see your "Private" girls. If any of these beautiful girls will be travelling to Washington, D.C. or New York City and would like to meet me for a fabulous time they may write:

Paul J. Kasko,
10-G Laurel Hill,
Greenbelt, Maryland, 20770,
U.S.A.



Dear Sir,

Thank you for your generous letter of the 7th April, in regarding replacement of No. 5 "Private" and your interest in publishing my letter and photograph of the 1st April.

Could you please send me issue No. 15 to replace the issue No. 5 that I returned to you.

You have my permission to use my letter and photograph of the 1st April in a forthcoming issue of Private under the heading Private Readers. I would be thrilled to be a part of your magazine.

Yours faithfully,

PAUL J. KASKO

P.S. You have my permission to reprint this letter in Private if you so wish.

Dear Sir,

My husband and I have read with great interest the articles in Private Nos: 20 and 22 on the subject of Sado-masochism at the "house" of Monique von Cleef. We have also been fascinated with the sado-masochistic paintings in some of your earlier issues.

We realise that this is a minority "deviation" from the sexual norm but honestly feel that it is a sizable minority, but growing as people become more honest with each other and are willing to admit to a taste for sexual deviation. Remember it was not so long ago that "69" was hardly ever admitted though, no doubt, it was practised.

After several years of marriage, some couples feel in need of an additional rest to their married life. We take it in turns to be the victim or the slave and though sexually I know my husband very well it is nonetheless very exciting to be tied face downwards on a bed with my legs apart my face blindfolded and a pillow under my stomach to raise by bottom. In this position I am helpless and my master/husband can use me any way he wants. Even anal intercourse under these conditions when one is so excited is more thrilling than painful. I feel a sexual object, and even if my husband decides to cane me—though not to hard this only adds to the thrill.

I am surprised that despite all the variations, trios, foursomes etc., you have so beautifully portrayed in your magazine, you have never shown a sequence like the above. Why not?

Yours faithfully,

MRS. S. JONES,

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, U.K.

The production and what we are permitted to show in Private is governed by Swedish law. Although that is quite obviously considerably more tolerant than in your country there are certain restrictions. On the production of erotica we are still forbidden to photographically depict juveniles, bestiality (with which we obviously agree) and sado-masochism. On the latter subject we hold an open mind and do not necessarily agree with the authorities. The exception to the above restriction is that the law is more tolerant in a "Report" or in art in which a greater degree of latitude is permissible. Therefore we can print an article on sado-masochism as a Report as we did with Monique von Cleef, but we would not be allowed to do the same thing in a photo sequence.

MILTON.

Translated from French: Dear Milton

May I endorse the views of J.C. Copenhagen, Private Reader No. 22? One of the things that really excites me is watching my girlfriend sitting on a bidet and douching herself. I can also verify his experience about the change in expressions on the girl's face as the water shoots up into her, this never fails to give me a hard on.

See what you can do for a regular reader.

Yours faithfully,

I. F. PARIS

We have had several letters on the same subject and perhaps one day we will see what can be done. Thanks for the idea.

MILTON

Dear Sirs,

Received Private No. 18, the first of your publications I have seen, and it was really great! The pornography is phantastic and subject matter is really out of this world—my wife and I are really jealous of those beautiful bodies. My only complaint is that much valuable space is used by photographs of your models fully dressed—something I can see every day here, but you make up for that by excellent photography, especially those closeups.

Your magazine has improved my oral sex life with my wife, but although my wife loves to fondle, suck, tongue and lick my penis she refuses to take my semen into her mouth, saying it nauseates her. Do any readers have any suggestions on this matter?

Again, keep up the good work on your magazine Private.

L.R., London England

Dear Mr. Milton,

I write to you to express my joy at that perseverance you display in your attempts of following the artistic line which you started in Private No. 13. The sexual moral has changed radically in our century and within the last four or five years the change has been revolutionary. Thanks to Freud, Fromm, Masters & Johnson and magazines such as Private! No doubt, all of you have made thousands and thousands of people realize that the inherited patriarchal moral was hypocritical and thereby immoral.

Private has by now consolidated its position as the vanguard of erotography. The last eight editions from Private does prove a manifest of Love in pictures.

Yours faithfully,

D.M.

Boston, U.S.A.

Therese



Pregnancy is a time of beauty and health. To the natural appeal of a girl is added the bloom of fertility, to the healthy vigour of youth the gift of New Life.

Die Schwangerschaft ist eine Zeit der Schönheit und des Werdens. Die natürliche Ausstrahlung der Frau paart sich mit blühender Fruchtbarkeit, ihre kraftvolle Jugendlichkeit mit dem Wunder neuen Lebens.

La grossesse est une époque de beauté et de santé, où l'attrait naturel d'une femme et sa vigueur sont renforcés par la fécondité.

Zwangerschap is een tijd van pracht en gezondheid. Aan de natuurlijke verschijning van een vrouw wordt de bloem der vruchtbaarheid toegevoegd, aan de gezonde kracht van de jeugd de gift van nieuw leven.



Therese expects her baby soon; she is content to wait, but all small young life has an added attraction for her now.

Therese erwartet ihr Baby bald. Alles junge Leben um sie her übt nun eine besondere Anziehungskraft auf sie aus.

Thérèse attend joyeusement son enfant pour bientôt; toute petite vie l'attire.

Terese verwacht haar baby al spoedig; ze wacht tevreden, maar elk klein jong leven heeft nu ekstra aantrekkingskracht op haar.



Healthy and beautiful herself, she seeks out nature's beautiful things; her baby must be beautiful too!

Selbst schön und gesund, zieht es sie hinaus zu den Schönheiten der Natur. Auch ihr Baby soll einmal schön werden.

Belle et en bonne santé, elle recherche les belles choses de la nature.

Zelf gezond en mooi, roekt ze de mooie dingen in de natuur op; haar baby moet ook mooi zijn!





A time for gentleness. Her body still needs love, but a tender understanding lovemaking; her breasts are full and especially sensitive to his caresses; gently they find a way!

Eine Zeit der Milde. Ihr Körper verlangt noch nach Liebe, nach zartem, behutsamem Lieben. Unter seinen Liebkosungen sind ihre schwellenden Brüste voll eigenartiger Empfindlichkeit.

Epoque de gentillesse. Son corps a encore besoin d'amour, de tendres étreintes; ses seins gonflés répondent vivement aux caresses. Doucement, ils trouvent une posture commode.

Nu is het tijd voor zachtheid. Haar lichaam heeft nog liefde nodig, maar een tedere begrip-pende liefde; haar borsten zijn vol en buitengewoon gevoelig voor zijn strelingen; zachtjes vinden ze een manier!





A time for giving and loving.
Naked she is close to nature; she
is now part of the great natural
cycle — her part is Spring and New
Life. Feeling a natural content-
ment in her own body she is ready
to give.

●
Hingabe und Zuneigung. Die
Natur umschließt ihre Nacktheit.
Frühling und neues Leben sind
jetzt ihre Rollen im ewigen
Werden und Vergehen. Im Gefühl
der Zufriedenheit ist sie zum
Geben bereit.

●
Epoque de don de soi et d'amour.
Elle est nue et elle entre dans le
grand cycle naturel, celui du
Printemps et de la Vie Nouvelle.
Heureuse de son corps, elle est
prête à se donner.

●
Een tijd voor geven en liefhebben.
Naakt is ze dicht bij de natuur;
ze is nu deel van de grote natuur-
lijke kringloop — haar deel is
Lente en Nieuw Leven. Omdat ze
een grote tevredenheid in haar
eigen lichaam voelt, is ze bereid
om te geven.





Soon she will have her baby to love and care for; for the moment the object of her affection is her lover's body—and especially the penis which has given her so much joy. Sucking sweetly to fulfillment she relives the beginning of her joy and is happy.

Bald wird das Baby in ihren liebenden, sorgenden Armen liegen. Aber noch sind die Gemütsregungen des Augenblicks auf den Leib des Geliebten gerichtet, auf das Glied, das ihr alles gegeben hat. Ihre Lippen suchen die süße Vollendung. Sie ist glücklich.

Bientôt elle aimera et soignera son bébé. En attendant, elle consacre son affection au corps de son amant, au braquemart qui lui a fait tant de bien. suçant doucement jusqu'à la décharge, elle revit délicieusement le début de sa joie.

Spoedig zal ze haar baby krijgen om lief te hebben en te verzorgen; momenteel is het object van haar affektie het lichaam van haar minnaar — en speciaal de penis die haar zoveel vreugde schonk. Zachtjes zuigend naar vervulling doorleeft ze weer het begin van haar vreugde en is ze gelukkig.





What does a stranger expect to find in Sweden — the land famed for the 'free love' and beautiful full-busted girls...

Was hofft der Fremde in Schweden zu finden — dem Land, dem „freie Liebe“ nachgesagt wird, und wo man manchmal köstlich bebuste Mädchen...

Qu'est-ce qu'un étranger s'attend à trouver en Suède, pays de l'amour libre et des filles aux seins fermes et opulents...

Wat verwacht een vreemdeling in Zweden te vinden — het land dat befaamd is om zijn „vrije liefde“ en zijn mooie vrouwen...

...who may be
found, freely
exhibiting
their charms
by the side of
deep blue
waters and
sandy shores.

•
erspäht, wie sie
auf sandigen
Gestaden frei-
mütig ihre
Reize dem tief-
blauen Wasser
entgegenrec-
ken.

•
...exposant
leurs charmes
sur les accores
des eaux
bleues et les
rives
sablonneuses?

•
...die je kunt
vinden aan de
oevers van
diephlauwe
wateren en aan
stranden,
waar ze hun
charmes
vrijelijk tonen.



Naked? Yes;
but here nudity
is comple-
mentary to the
scenery. How
can a woman
be shy in such
wild and open
spaces?

●

Nackt? Aber
gewiß! Ihre
bare Haut gibt
der Szene
Vollendung.
Wie kann in
jener wilden
Weite weib-
liche Scheu
aufkommen?

●

Du nu ? Oui,
mais ici la
nudité
complète le
paysage
sauvage et
vaste qui
balaye la
timidité
féminine

●

Naakt? Ja;
maar naakt-
heid comple-
teert hier de
natuur. Hoe
kan een vrouw
ook schuchter
zijn in die
wilde open-
heid?





The lowers, remaining
romantically entwined,
find too much joy in
their own clean hard
bodies to fear any
approaching stranger.

●
Unentwegt umschlungen
verherren die Lieben-
den. Genuß an ihren
eigenen blanken
Körpern die Fülle, den
nahenden Fremden nicht
zu fürchten.

●
Les amants aux corps
durs et nets romanti-
quement enlacés ne
craignent, dans leur
joie, l'approche
d'aucun étranger.

●
De geliefden blijven
romaties omstrengeld
en scheppen te veel
vreugde in hun eigen
reine harde lichamen
om een vreemde die
nadert te vrezen.





But Sex in the open air is
no Stranger to them,
nor a modern innova-
tion, new to these shores.

●

Nichts Fremdes ist Sex
in der Natur, keine
moderne Neurung an
diesen Ufern.

●

L'amour en plein air
n'est pas un Etranger
pour eux ni rien de
nouveau sur ces
rivages.

●

Maar seks in de open
lucht is niet vreemd voor
hen, noch een moderne
nieuwigheid langs deze
oevers.





It is as old as the surrounding mountains and as fresh as the blue waters. Love, and the landscape fit perfectly...



Alt wie die Felsenhügel ist das Spiel und frisch wie die blauen Wasser. Im Einklang Landschaft, Liebe und...



Il est aussi vieux que les montagnes et aussi frais que les eaux bleues. L'amour et le paysage s'épousent parfaitement...



Het is oud als de omgevende bergen en zo fris als de blauwe wateren. Liefde en het landschap horen absoluut bij elkaar...





...as the rock-like penis,
which pounds into the
soft liquid cunt. Building
up a wave of passion
which breaks...

•

...Organe, die in ihren
Säften stampfen. Auf
rauscht die Brandung
der Leidenschaften...

•

...quand le membre
viril dur comme roc
cogne dans le doux
baveux. La vague de
passion monte et
éclate...

•

...evenals de keiharde
penis die in de zachte
sappige poes beukt en
een golf van passie
opbouwt, die breekt...





...and momen-
tarily receding,
leaves only a
wet foam to
mark where it
has been!

●

...verharrt eine
Weile und
verebbt.
Feuchter
Schaum nur
bleibt.

●

...reculant un
moment et
laissant une
écume humide
qui rappelle
son passage !

●

...en tijdelijk
terugtrekt,
alleen een nat
schuim
achterlatend
als teken waar
hij was!

PRIVATE

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